

Wondering, Fearing, Doubting, Dreaming

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Summary: Pre-Hogwarts: No one would be looking for Harry tonight. Harry swung, higher, higher, before he gracefully catapulted off the seat, soaring like a sea bird. Harry's eyes fell open at the last second as he descended, the pile of rocks as close as he had expected. He always knew someone would get hurt on those boulders.

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**\*\*\_Wondering, Fearing, Doubting, Dreaming\_\*\***

**\*\*\_Harry Potter One-Shot\_\*\***

**\*\*\_by Tannin & Tele\_\*\***

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><p><em><strong>Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before. <strong>\_

\_\*\*\_-Edgar Allan Poe\*\*\_

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><p>Today wasn't the first time Vernon had swung, but it <em>was<em> the first time the portly man had aimed for someplace visible. The boy's face was swollen black and dried blood was clustered beneath his purpled lips. It was a decidedly ugly sight, but Harry didn't mind.

He was alone at the old park on Magnolia Crescent, settled lightly on the rusty iron swing set. It was nighttime, and the moon was just peeking over a billow of grey clouds. There was no nightlife, save the chirping crickets and the distant hum of the highway.

No one would be looking for Harry, and he had every reason to run \_far, far away\_, but Harry knew by morning he'd be back at the Dursley's; by afternoon tomorrow, his eyes would be burning from the bleach cleaning soap and his hands stinging and calloused from weeding.

Tonight, Harry took the reprieve of being thrown out as a chance to access the damage.

Sore jaw. Cracked ribs- he could feel the signs. Tightness. Tenderness. Coughing. Shortness of breath. He'd read a medical encyclopedia once, it was useful for things like these.

He was also missing a tooth, but what else was new? It was his second molar, yellow and bitter-tasting in his mouth. Harry was due to have lost it soon enough- Dudley had lost his a few months ago- but as the boy rolled the dismembered bone across his tongue, Harry decided he vastly preferred losing teeth the regular way; tying a stolen string around the end of his Cupboard door and waiting for Petunia to yank it open the next morning. It was quick, bloodless- a bit painful, true, but nothing he couldn't handle.

Now, his jaw \_clicked\_ every time he breathed out, and his mouth wouldn't stop pooling with blood. He could feel the pain, like a dull throb, and confirmed to himself that \_yes, quick and easy was best. Easy come, easy go.\_

As he swung, back and forth- his shoeless, sockless toes brushing against the brittle sand- Harry watched the shadows for creepy-crawlers and boogie-men. As the scuttle of tiny paws broke through the silence, his eyes were immediately drawn to the large cluster of rocks, not far from his swing set. They were sharp, tall, dark boulders that the other kids loved to climb on and jump from.

Harry disliked that cluster of rocks. Every shift of the shadows, every squeal of the night, Harry imagined his worst fears sneaking beyond those boulders, waiting for him to tear his eyes away. Waiting to \_pounce. \_

Harry didn't like monsters. He didn't like fear. He didn't like being controlled. Harry was young, he was restless, and he was trapped. Every day, every night, he was \_theirs. \_He wasn't his own. He was never anything but theirs.

The rocks really were placed in an awful position, Harry realized as he observed them closely.

Harry wondered how many kids had thrown themselves off the swings, shrieking in laughter, only to be impaled by the cluster of rocks. Would they scream? Would they cry? Would their heads \_splat\_ against the stone\_, \_would their bones go \_crack, \_would everything go black? Harry often wondered what death felt like.

\_Creak, creak, creak. \_

The swings pushed higher, his mangled, bloody feet dangling in the air. His small hands gripped the chains, knuckles bolding white. The rock pile fell from his sight, before closing in again. His eyes slipped shut like the shutter of a camera, tears leaking past the

corner of his lids before sliding away into open air.

\_Creak, creak, creak. \_

Harry wondered what it felt like to fly. The air rushing against his tender skin, cheeks flushing with life, unbridled joy and anticipation rising in his chest. Harry wondered what it felt like to fall. Would it end fast? Would there even be time to wonder \_why?!\_

Harry swung, higher, higher, until his bottom was nearly lifting off the seat and his legs were burning from the \_back and forth, back and forth. \_

\_Fearing, doubting, dreaming. \_

Harry dreamed. Harry had his own night-mare; a gorgeous, sleek, black creature with a burning orange-red mane. He named her Lily.

The mare struck him down at night with her wide, copper hooves and assaulted him with flashes of green acid, the sounds of shrill, cruel laughter and a single voice screaming '\_HARRY!\_'

Harry didn't know his real name until he was six. The teacher, an older woman with dyed brown hair, had been calling roll; '\_Harry Potter!\_', \_she had said. Nobody answered. '\_Harry Potter?!\_' \_She said again, this time annoyed, as she looked around the small classroom. Her pen teetered over the paper, red ink \_dripping, dropping.

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Harry had to remember what Petunia had told him that morning; '\_Harry James Potter. That's what they'll call you- but to us, you'll always be the Freak.' \_It took him a second, but he raised his hand, giving the teacher an apologetic smile. She scowled at him.

Harry had a frayed plaid blanket, the letters \_H.J.P. \_stitched with golden thread. \_H\_arry. \_J\_ames. \_P\_otter. Harry didn't know someone could have three different names, although he should have figured. Aunt Petunia was called '\_Mommy!' \_by Diddydums, and '\_Oh, Pet!' \_from Vernon. Harry had always been just '\_it', 'the boy', \_or '\_Freak!' \_

He wondered why others called him \_Harry\_, and not Freak. It was a strange name; Harry. \_Hairy. \_Harry the Fairy! But what did the Freak know? He didn't deserve to know why, Aunt Petunia had said. Freaks didn't \_deserve \_anything.

As Harry got older, he forgot to agree.

A soft lullaby played in the back of his mind as Harry's hands slipped from the chains.

\_London Bridge is falling downâ€¦!\_

With one sharp push, Harry gracefully catapulted off the seat, soaring like a sea bird.

\_Falling down, falling down...\_

He loved birds. He often dreamed of flying with them, soaring over

white clouds, his sharp talons skimming over rolling waves of blue.

\_Dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.\_

As he descended, Harry's eyes fell open at the last second, the pile of rocks as close as he had expected. He always knew someone would get hurt on those boulders.

\_London bridge is falling down...\_

Harry didn't need to wonder how anymore.

\_My fair lady.\_

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><p><strong><em>This is the way the word ends. Not with a bang but a whimper.<em>\*\*

\*\*\_-T.S. Elliot\_\*\*

End  
file.